THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY JAMES L. BROOKS.

Deep in a sweaty vale, and nigh
Where Gregory's stream is quiet flows,
There blossomed, unseen to vulgar eye,
A limetree, sweet and smiling rose.

The zephyr, as it passed the vale,
Would linger long to share its bloom,
And often by the southern gale
Its petals bright would stoop to kiss.

So fair it grew, in fragrance pure,
With varied hue of spotless white
And crimson dye,—serene, secure,
It seemed the image of delight.

Alas! how soon the rain so fair
Means forth a requiem low and sad!
The morn the zephyr forgets there,
And Gregory's stream no notes is glad.

For the bright rose, long nursed with care,
Just opening to a joyous day,
Some wretch had deep his fiendish snare,
And bore it, ah! my prize away!

Stranger! how hues to not the part
Of vampire, while you destiny runs,
Break a mother's mother's heart,
And blast the prospects of her home!

Historical Tales.

PHILIPPE DE AGRAMONT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY ALFRED LEPPARD.

CHAPTER I.

THE STUDENTS OF GLENDORE.—THE MINSTREL AND HIS STORY.—THE MYSTERY.

On a cold autumn afternoon in the year of Grace, 1327, much bustle was created among the scholars of the good college of Oxenford* by the announcement, that a far-famed minstrel of the person and fame had arrived in the place, and was even now at the hostelrie of the lion-in. In a short time, as the beams of the afternoon sun streamed through the deep-piled windows of the principal hall of the hostel, a group of merrie scholars were assembled, listening with every mark of attention to the strains of the minstrel who stood in their midst. He was a man of some thirty years, tall and well-formed, with chestnut curls waving in light, black as jet, with a pillow down on either side of his sun-embrowned visage, which told that he had been a wanderer in southern climes; and with a dull and sparkling light eye, which gave record of the rich stores of fancy hidden within.

As the scholars stood clustering around the minstrel with their heads upturned with quick attention to his glancing in the sunlight, his eye sparkled brightly as the stories which accompanied the last side of love and war, called the unaccented hall of the hostel, and drew every mark of applause from the listening group.

His minstrelsy was ended with shouting and renewed applause, and no one shouted more lustily than a light-haired, blue-eyed student: who, standing in the rear of the group, peered over the shoulders of those in front. There was something of peculiar interest in the countenance of the young scholar. What it was could not well be told with words; but it was a light of a spark of the students, a stranger would ever single out the face of the light-haired scholar as worthy of especial perusal. His physiognomy was not indicative of a melancholy disposition; yet at times, in the pauses of the minstrel's story, a shade of sadness would flit over his features, the quick glance of his full blue eyes was lost in a deep, clear and steady expression: his lips of a marked outline, curved sternly; a slight frown was on his brow, and his whole manner was singular and full of mysterious interest.

Ever and soon his eye would glance hurriedly across the group, and an expression, the meaning of which it would not be easy to divine, came over his features when ever his glance rested upon a tall, thin student, whose raw-boned figure, long arms and crooked legs were enveloped in the student attire, but with every variety of gaudy chains and ornament scattered over his dress.

A long narrow head, covered with stiff, short black hair, a face with projecting nose, wide mouth, and small gray eyes, would need something more than the gayly embroidered cap which topped the ungainly student's forehead, to redeem their ugliness.

This gayly-attired student regarded the light-haired youth with an ill concealed sneer, and seemed wishful to hold out with words the opinion of the rest of the group in the matter, whether they might be.

Presently the minstrel changed his key of love and war for a fanciful story which he had learned to fair Italy.

A wandering barber—as ran the legend—entered benighted on a dreary heath in the north, where in the very depths of wild forsaken hills. A maiden, fair and beautiful, reigned countess over the castle and country around. Her love for the fine fantasies of poetry, and for the attendance they rode to the city of "Florence the fair," there to celebrate their nuptials.

The evening on the minstrel, while seated on a couch lying with drapery in one of the loftiest halls in the castle, and was one day they decided their fate between.

"Florian, oh have you told me how the gallant knight, your father, reigns Duke of Florence. Shall I not see him this very night?" She concluded, in her soft musical voice. "Nay, deny me not my Florian. Well I know the Duke has but one son, and thou art he. Why then should he accompany us to the halls where then shalt one day reign as Sovereign?"

Florian turned his head aside as if to conceal some unconscious blushes.

"In sooth, dearest Annabel," he replied, "I am not the one you speak of; I have a brother, in truth, I'm sooth I should have told them that I have—have—" He paused, and shifted in his seat.

"What confused! Why thus pale, dearest love?" cried the maiden.

"Annabel," cried the lover, "I am not the only son of the Duke of Florence."

This was said with a despondent voice and clenched teeth, as though he that spoke moved himself for a desperate effort.

"Holy Mary!" exclaimed Annabel, starting from the couch as her gay dreams of princely pomp and grandeur vanished in a moment. "Then I am not to be more than elder than thou?" She waited his answer with glistening eyes and parted lips.

"Nay, Annabel, my brother somewhat younger than I do. He is a younger brother."

"Thanks, blessed Mary!" exclaimed Annabel, rewarding the cousin of her adorn. "Florian, hasten, thanks! Thou hast to still thine, my Florian, still thine! Ha, ha, ha," continued she, merrily laughing, as she went tossing the white Dalmatian in still fun.

"It is not thus, dearest Annabel, I am to be mine."

"Not thine? Say it yet again—not thine! Where fore spoketest them thus?"

"Because he is disinherited!" said a calm and deliberate voice from behind the couch on which the lovers sat.

Florian turned and beheld the dark features of his brother turn in wrathful. He turned just against that was his betrothed prostrate upon the marble floor; a thin line of blood was trickling from her mouth. It was the blood flowing from a broken heart! And yet again did Florian turn; but his dagger flashed in his clenched hand; it descends and is sheathed in the heart of his wedded love and bride.

Then for had the gentle minstrel's story ran, when a taunting laugh came from the lips of the knight who was first, and he cast a contemptuous look at the fair-haired scholar, who, seized by some sudden fit of passion, strode through the bystanders, and with dark brows and quivering lips shouted as he glanced at the minstrel,

"No more, by the body of God, no more! Thou hast been lured to work woe—thou paltry knave. Thou hast I swear'd thy insolence!" He dashed the harp from the hands of the minstrel, whose lip curled and eye flashed as he shouted,

"How, sir! What means the insult?" He laid his hand on his sword, but the light-haired scholar heeded him not. He strode toward the ungainly student, and in a quiet yet deep-toned voice exclaimed, as he laid his hand upon his arm,

"Thy day has not yet come; but come it will, be assured. Have a care that you do not hasten your doom!"

The ungainly student made an effort to reply, but his stuttered lip failed him, and with trembling hand he dropped the harp, which had been the cause of the strife, the light-haired scholar was gone. The minstrel drew his sword, and rushing through the group, was about to follow him, when he was stayed by the extended arms of the scholars.

"How!" shouted the minstrel, "Is this your courtesy, fair scholars? Little reck ye of minstrel honor, to suppose a brother of the gentle craft may be struck unavenged? Let me pass, I say!"

"A word with you, fair stranger," said a tall student advancing from the throng, and gleaming toward the spot lately occupied by the ungainly and ill-looking scholar, who had departed unobserved. "A word with you, fair stranger! We scholars of Oxenford would be the last to see a single insult offered to any man, much less a brother of the joyous art. But believe me, the light-haired scholar, who but now struck your harp from out your hands, is a person under some strange influence, or he would have been the last to offer you such wrong."

"Our lives upon it, he would!" exclaimed the other students.

"But why was it," answered the minstrel, "that the hound to me was coupled with a quarrel with one of his brother scholars?"

"By my troth, I cannot tell," answered the student who had just spoken. "A deadly feud seems between this light-haired scholar, who is known as the gentle Philip of Oxenford, and that awkward clown who has just left us. He is called Master Geoffrey de Wogsden, and he is the son of a country knight. This Master Geoffrey manifests his courage in the gentle scholar, by every sort of petty insult that the malignity of a vulgar mind can devise."

"Nay," interrupted another student, "aye, and what is more strange, the fair scholar bears these insults without revenge. At times indeed, he does draw his sword in defense of the dull object of his contempt—for he seems to regard him as too mean for his hate—but so certainly does his sword slide back into its scabbard. But, by my faith, on such occasions he is now known to draw it on no eyes, as though he were struggling against a demon, pent up in his breast."

"A blythe history of the Gentle Scholar is wrapt in mystery," added the tall student. "We none know aught of his lineage, or from whence he came. But that he is learned, open-hearted, generous and brave, we all know. What say ye, my merrie scholars, is there a man which we would not stand on either side his blood for the Gentle Philippe of Oxenford?"

A response, loud and warm rose from the scholars. Even those who envy their society did not dare to gainsay it.

"And now, Sir Minstrel," exclaimed the spokesman of the group, "we must request that you remain here to show by our hand! Is thy answer 'aye?' 'Tis well! Thou shalt be our guest, brave knave, for the gallant minstrel's sake let us away—what ho!—Host, I say—make ready the scholar's chamber, for by my faith, brave minstrel thou wilt feast with us to-night! That way, brothers!"

The moon was sailing in mid-heaven, and her beams were streaming through the deep-piled windows of the sleeping town of Oxenford. A solitary cavalier rose to king his way along the principal street of the town, at a distance of about half a mile from the College of Oxenford buildings. His hat was sheathed over his eyes, and with folded arms, and leaned step, he hastened along the pathway. Arriving at a by street, he cast a look back upon the town, the cavalier heard the sound of footsteps, he was approaching swift, and he could down his sword, a blow from behind felled him to the earth, and by the faint moonbeams, he could discern the figures of three tall, dark forms, who were very similar to that of his person. Another footstep sounded along the street. The brawn started, and in a moment a strange arm with giant strength sent one of their number reeling to the earth, and the other two confronted a tall well made cavalier, whose brow was shaded by a long black plume. "What a deep mystery!" exclaimed the voice of the sheathed swords and rushed upon the new comer. The contest was short and desperate. A brother of the three tainted the cavalier's steel, at the same moment that a sword thrust from behind lighted upon his forehead, inflicting a fearful gash. The cavalier turned to the low so who gave the wound, and with one plunge of his sword he transfixed his antagonist to the earth. Then, with a shout of victory, he raised the body of the fallen cavalier to his feet. The moon again shone from behind a cloud, and the two cavaliers looked into each others face for a moment, and then started back with the quick involuntary movement of surprise. Well might they start. The wayfarer cavalier was none other than the ill-looking student, Master Geoffrey de Wogsden, and his defender was the Gentle Philippe of Oxenford. The moon was clear—nearly gone—but he could down his sword, a blow from behind felled him to the earth, and by the faint moonbeams, he could discern the figures of three tall, dark forms, who were very similar to that of his person. Another footstep sounded along the street. The brawn started, and in a moment a strange arm with giant strength sent one of their number reeling to the earth, and the other two confronted a tall well made cavalier, whose brow was shaded by a long black plume. "What a deep mystery!" exclaimed the voice of the sheathed swords and rushed upon the new comer. The contest was short and desperate. A brother of the three tainted the cavalier's steel, at the same moment that a sword thrust from behind lighted upon his forehead, inflicting a fearful gash. The cavalier turned to the low so who gave the wound, and with one plunge of his sword he transfixed his antagonist to the earth. Then, with a shout of victory, he raised the body of the fallen cavalier to his feet. The moon again shone from behind a cloud, and the two cavaliers looked into each others face for a moment, and then started back with the quick involuntary movement of surprise. Well might they start. The wayfarer cavalier was none other than the ill-looking student, Master Geoffrey de Wogsden, and his defender was the Gentle Philippe of Oxenford. The moon was clear—nearly gone—but he could discern the figures of three tall, dark forms, who were very similar to that of his person. Another footstep sounded along the street. The brawn started, and in a moment a strange arm with giant strength sent one of their number reeling to the earth, and the other two confronted a tall well made cavalier, whose brow was shaded by a long black plume. "What a deep mystery!" exclaimed the voice of the sheathed swords and rushed upon the new comer. The contest was short and desperate. A brother of the three tainted the cavalier's steel, at the same moment that a sword thrust from behind lighted upon his forehead, inflicting a fearful gash. The cavalier turned to the low so who gave the wound, and with one plunge of his sword he transfixed his antagonist to the earth. Then, with a shout of victory, he raised the body of the fallen cavalier to his feet. The moon again shone from behind a cloud, and the two cavaliers looked into each others face for a moment, and then started back with the quick involuntary movement of surprise. Well might they start. The wayfarer cavalier was none other than the ill-looking student, Master Geoffrey de Wogsden, and his defender was the Gentle Philippe of Oxenford. The moon was clear—nearly gone—but he could down his sword, a blow from behind felled him to the earth, and by the faint moonbeams,

face of John of Wrexden. A true vow in his day," said the latter, John Ball, laid his face to her cowl.

"Cluster hour is both upon her face then!" whispered the monk.

"O! was hour is both upon her face then!" whispered the monk answered: "My vow—priest—my vow!" And they put on.

Twenty years from this day the dedicated Richard by starving in one of the cells of the castle of Pontefract. Whether he died of hunger, or was starved to death, and an earth intervening day had the shocking laugh of his keeper, an old and grey-headed man, rang in his ears. On the ninth of the ninth day, Richard had himself upon his knees, prayed awhile, and died, and as his last breath left his wasted frame, that bitter mockery of laughter rang in his ears, and a voice exclaimed—

"I die a death of violence and foul treachery. King no shall thou die!"

News from Congress.

On Wednesday, in the House, the consideration of the President's Message in relation to the Appropriation Bill was resumed, and the message referred to a select committee. The Indian Appropriations Bill was passed. The veto of the Provisional Tariff Bill was next one in by the President, which ordered a hot debate.

In the Senate, the bill re-organizing the Army and the navy, was discussed.

On Thursday in the Senate the bill respecting the re-organization of the Army, was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

The remainder of the day was devoted to the consideration of the bill to provide for the safe-keeping of such cases as that of McLeod.

In the House, on motion of Mr. Fillmore, a resolution was adopted, calling on the Secretary of the Treasury to state whether any circular has been issued to the Collectors of customs since the 4th of March last, or other duties after this day; and if so, to send a copy of such circular. The resolution also requires the Secretary to state whether his former opinion, "that no duties could be collected after today," under the compromise act, has undergone any change.

Mr. Wethe asked leave to introduce a bill to extend the operation of the present revenue laws till March 1st, which has been refused.

The House then resumed the debate on the President's Veto Message.

Mr. Briggs combated the positions taken by the President.

Mr. Stewart followed on the same side.

Mr. Proffit defended the President.

Mr. Innis, of Indiana, replied with much warmth, and denounced the President.

Mr. Wethe followed, and advocated the course of President Tyler at great length.

When he had closed, Mr. Crowthers obtained the floor, and on motion the House adjourned.

On Friday, in the Senate, Mr. Woodbury asked leave to introduce two bills—one to extend the time for remitting interest on duties accruing on the sale of duty to 30 per cent, and the other to provide a system of home valuation. This brought up a debate on the late veto, after which Mr. Simmons submitted a report from the Committee on Naturalization, and the Senate adjourned.

In the House, Mr. Fillmore reported the Army Appropriation Bill with amendments.

Mr. Casey offered a joint resolution that Congress adjourn on the 18th of July.

Mr. Filmore—I object. We are not yet in a situation to adjourn. I trust Congress never will vote to resist a Tariff Bill is passed.

Mr. Casey—We can adjourn on the day designated as well as at any other time.

Mr. Joseph R. Ingersoll said he hoped an adjournment would not even be talked of until a Tariff Bill had been passed.

Mr. Casey moved that the rules of the House be suspended for the purpose of giving him to offer the same resolution.

The question was taken and it was decided 90 to 75 not to suspend the rules.

On Saturday, in the Senate, nothing worthy of note was transacted, except the passage of the Massachusetts Claim Bill. The Bill appropriates $337,000.

In the House, the Veto was debated hotly until the hour of adjournment.

On Monday the Senate did not sit.

In the House the debate upon the Veto Message (on the protracted tariff bill) was continued by Mr. Mallory, Mr. Cooper, of Pennsylvania, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, and Mr. Adams; when, the previous question having been ordered and taken,

The main question was then—"Shall this bill pass, the objections of the President notwithstanding?" Upon which question the votes were: yeas 114, nays 83. So the required two-thirds of the members present not having voted in the negative of the bill, the bill was passed. After which, on motion of Mr. Fillmore, the special order of the day for suspension of the rules, days following, (on business relating to the Territories,) was postponed to the morning-sitting day of Saturday next, for the purpose, understood, of going on with the discussion of the land bill.

On Tuesday, in the House, the debate on the Tariff was resumed. Messrs. Kennedy, Appleton and J. R. Ingersoll addressed the House, when Mr. Underwood of Kentucky spoke in favor of free trade.

In the Senate, all the bills which were engrossed on Saturday were finally passed. Nothing of great interest, however, was done.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

On Wednesday, in Senate, a bill passed affecting very materially the creditors of the U. S. Bank, in Philadelphia. The bill was got up for the benefit of certain debtors to the Branch at Erie, and releases them under the arrangement of the U. S. Bank will agree to renew the same issues in payment of debts due it, all property by them owned, for the collection of such debts, shall not be sold, unless it brings three-fourths of its appraised value. The bill was opposed by Mr. Porter, but was finally passed by a vote of 17 to 15.

In the House, the Apportionment Bill, passed by Congress, was debated and finally a resolution, "That it is the duty of this House forthwith to proceed to district the State, in compliance with the Apportionment Bill recently passed by Congress," was adopted—yeas 49, nays 39.

On Thursday, in the Senate, nothing worthy of record was done.

In the House, the debate on the Apportionment Law was renewed. The House finally declared that it "is expedient to proceed to district the State into Congressional Districts in accordance with the provisions of the act recently passed—at the same time protesting against the manner in which Congress has interfered in relation to the form of apportioning the States, (into single Districts,) and bound by a vote of 53 to 50. The bill authorizing the Canal Commissioners to purchase tracks for the transportation of sections trans on the State Railroad, was ordered to be transcribed for a third reading by a vote of 49 to 41. Mr. Myers agrees to be a great opponent to this bill from transporters and others interested, but it will kill off some very dangerous monopolies which have done great injury to the public work.

On Friday the House passed the bill to authorize the Canal Commissioners to purchase tracks for the transportation of sections trans on the State Railroad. The bill was, during the same morning, signed by the Governor.

In the Senate Mr. McClay, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported the Appropriation Bill, and a Bill of which we give that portion which regards Philadelphia.

"Southwark, Moyamensing Kingsessing, Passyunk and Blockley, of the county of Philadelphia, and Cedar and New Market, of the county of Lancaster, and the first and second wards of Spring Garden, shall be the third district, and elect one representative.

"The county of Montgomery, Roxborough, Penn Township, the fifth and fourth wards of Spring Garden, of Philadelphia County, shall be the fourth district, and elect one representative.

On Saturday, in the House, a resolution for a final adjournment of the Legislature on the 18th of July, was offered, and its consideration postponed until the 20th. The Legislature will not probably adjourn much, if any, before the last of the month.

In the House, Mr. Stebbing reported a bill to incorporate the Erie Canal Company—that is, a company to purchase and finish the canal, and to construct a railroad in said Canal.

The bill to stop the public works was taken up on second reading, when a motion was made to add a section repealing the 9th bill, which was carried by a vote of 49 to 46. Finally, and after debate the section was negatived—yeas 7, nays 15. An ineffectual attempt was also made to add a section for the payment of the interest coupons which may be in the treasury, to the domestic creditors of the State, and the bill was ordered to a third reading by a vote of 49 to 41. Mr. Myers agrees to be a great opponent to this bill from transporters and others interested, but it will kill off some very dangerous monopolies which have done great injury to the public work.

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REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

The return of the anniversary of our National Independence has carried our thoughts naturally back to the old revolutionary times, and our eye happening to light on some statistics prepared by the editor of the Savannah Georgian, we have thought it would not be amiss to refresh the memories of our readers therewith, the more especially as we believe they have a deep interest to us with which we can smell the list. There is nothing like this occurrence to old times. By mustering we have hardly our blessed seven wise, it matters us to redoubled exertions for their preservation.

The subjoined statement of the Revolutionary war, is opress, was over 136 millions of dollars. To meet this immense charge, Congress issued from 1778 to 1781 $357,512,851.67, of continental 2 or paper dollars, and during that time, depreciated nearly two thirds of its value. In addition to this, Congress obtained loans from France and Holland; from the first 6 millions, one thousand livres or 1,078,876 dollars; and from the latter of 5 millions of livres or 1,078,876 dollars. The first loan was in 1778 the last in 1785.

The first President of the old Congress was Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, elected September 5th, 1774. The last, was also a Virginian, Cyrus Griffin, elected January 22, 1788. The oldest of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was Benjamin Franklin, who was then seventy. The youngest signer was Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, who was but twenty-seven. The latest from South Carolina, was Arthur Middleton, but twenty-seven. The average age of the signers, however, of those who were age one year with a fraction short of 44, showing that as a body, they were not so young as to be impatient, and carried away by the wicked feelings of youth; nor yet sufficiently old to be moderate and inert; but in that prime and vigorous manhood when the balance of the physical and mental powers is most nicely adjusted, and when the mind is matured by experience, and disciplined by study. Twenty-one of the fifty-six, lived quarter of a century after the 4th of July, 1776. Two of them existed for a full half century from that date. Of all noble patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence, were born in Massachusetts; 6 in Virginia; 5 in Maryland; 4 in Connecticut; 4 in New Jersey; 4 in Pennsylvania; 4 in South Carolina; 3 in New York; 3 in Delaware; 2 in Rhode Island; 1 in Maine; 3 in Ireland; 2 in England; 4 in Scotland, and 1 in Wales. Twenty-one were attorneys, 10 merchants, 9 physicians, 6 farmers, 5 clergymen, 1 printer, and 16 were men of fortune. Eight were graduates of Harvard College, 4 of Yale, 3 of New Jersey, 3 of Philadelphia, 2 of William and Mary, 2 of Cambridge, (Eng.) 2 of Edinburgh, and 1 of St. Omer. At the times of their death, 8 were over 70 years of age; 7 between 60 and 70; 11 between 50 and 60; 13 between 40 and 50; 11 between 40 and 50; 11 between 30 and 40; 1 died at the age of fifty; one died at the age of seventy-seven. Hutton Gwinnett, of Georgia, was the first who died after the declaration, at the age of 45. Charles Carroll, was the last of that illustrious band, died in 1833, we believe, aged 96. The following anecdote respecting this gentleman is not generally known. In 1826, after all the signers except Carroll had died, the government of the city of New York deputed a committee to wait on the illustrious survivor, and obtain from him his autograph to be placed in the city's copy of the Declaration of 1776, graced and authenticated upon the night of the 4th of July, 1826, and provided to the request, and affixed, with his own hand, to a copy of that instrument, the grateful, solemn, and more unpremeditated words which follow:

"Grateful to Almighty God for the blessings which, through Jesus Christ our Lord, he has condescended on my beloved country, and for the opportunity which I have had of participating my, under circumstances of mercy, to live to the age of 89 years, and to witness the fiftieth year of American Independence, and certify by my present signature my approbation of the Declaration of Independence adopted by Congress on the 4th of July, 1776, which I originally subscribed on the 2d of August of the same year, and of which I now row the last surviving signer, I do exhort my fellow citizens to cherish future generations the principles of that important document as the best earthly inheritance their ancestors could bequeath to them, and by their virtue and firmness to preserve liberties they have secured to my country may be perpetuated to the latest posterity, and extended to all the family of man.

"CHARLES CARROLL, of Carrollton.

"August 2, 1826."

The number of continental troops and militia furnished by the several States during the whole period of the contest, from 1775 to 1783 inclusive, was as follows.

	Continentals.	Militia.	Total.
New Hampshire,	12,496	2,982	15,549
Massachusetts,	67,907	16,103	84,110
Rhode Island,	5,908	4,284	10,192
Connecticut,	31,939	7,782	41,631
New York,	17,781	3,014	20,855
Pennsylvania,	25,600	7,357	32,965
New Jersey,	10,726	6,055	16,781
Delaware,	2,219	1,052	3,271
Maryland,	12,913	4,127	17,039
Virginia,	26,678	5,000	31,678
North Carolina,	7,263		7,263
South Carolina,	6,417		6,417
Georgia,	2,679		2,679

The *first* State Constitutions were adopted by the following Colonies, before the Declaration of Independence—New Hampshire, South Carolina, Virginia, New Jersey, in 1776.

The remainder of the "Old Thirteen," adopted their Constitutions after the Declaration of Independence—Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Georgia, 1776; New York, 1777; Massachusetts, United Vermont, 1786.

The Constitutions of the United States as adopted by the Convention of which George Washington was President on the 17th of September, 1787. It was ratified by Congress July 14th, 1788, and went into operation on the first Wednesday of March, 1789. It was adopted by the several States in the order under and time: the second of nine States was required before the adoption by Congress. Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, in 1787; Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia, New York, in 1788; North Carolina, 1789; Rhode Island, 1790; Vermont, 1791.

There are many other of the leading facts connected with the Revolution, which we have not yet republished from time to time. But enough for the present.

EFFECTS OF VACCINATION.

The second report for 1846, of vaccination in France, gives an additional evidence in favor of the views heretofore expressed in this journal respecting the efficacy of the vaccine matter. In 1846 the number of births in France, of which were ascertained, 881 failed. In two cases, there was a general eruption of pustules over the body, in which the small pox when they became ripe.

Epidemic variola attacked 14,370 persons, of whom 1666 died. Of these 1,000 were not vaccinated at the time, and three of these then attacked died. The great majority of persons, whether secretly or for a long time vaccinated, escaped entirely, and they who were attacked small-pox, which was generally mild and of short duration. Of 606 persons attacked after vaccination, only 6 died. Revaccination was performed in 1845 in 1844 fallowe; 597 fake vaccinia; 270 secondary cow-pox, apparently regular; 3 persons who had been successfully vaccinated, were attacked with variola. The average cost of vaccinating each infant during the year 1846 was 18 centimes (about 3½ cents).

The following are the conclusions of the report:—

Firstly—The regular vaccine is a preservative against small-pox; the protection, however, is not absolute; but a small number of those vaccinated are subject to an eruption commonly known under the name of variloid.

Secondly—The latter disease is generally mild, and free from danger; it destroys one patient in 100, while the mortality of small-pox was 1 in 6. Thirdly—But vaccination destroys the tendency to a second attack of variola as well as of small-pox; still, in some persons, the aptitude to receive the disease returns after a longer or shorter period. Again, certain persons who have had small-pox may contract a regular vaccine, but this does not prove that they are apt to have small-pox again.—*Fourthly*—The most perfect revaccination does not guarantee the individual against having a variloid at some future time. *Fifthly*—In general small-pox attacks persons only once: but some may have it a second time, and the second attack is just as severe as the first one.

LAPLACE.

A new edition of the works of this great Frenchman is announced. He, being first vice-president of the National Intelligencer, is shortly to be published at Paris, under the supervision of the government, which has appropriated forty thousand francs for the undertaking. 12 the three magnificent productions of Laplace, the *Analytical Theory of Probabilities* is entirely out of print; the *Mechanique Celeste* and the *Exposition of the System of the World* nearly so. Credit is due to the Minister of Public Instruction for the idea of a Government edition, by which the family of the illustrious author is relieved from the heavy expense which it was about to incur. Arago was charged with a report on the subject; a task he has nobly fulfilled. As the *Mechanique Celeste* was no longer to be purchased in the original, the reproduction was necessary, says he report, that the verker would be obliged to procure in *Philadelphia*, New York, or Boston, the English translation of the old mercenious Bowditch. The latter, who understood English, would have acquired what is known more valuable than the original. The thousand copies of each of the three works, to be now printed with all editorial and typographical care, will be distributed there: seven hundred among the bookseller, for sale at cost, and three hundred among domestic libraries and scientific schools and the principal foreign academies. The fame of Laplace is second only to that of Newton. The latter supposed that the planetary system did not contain within itself the faculty or elements of indefinite perpetuity; he believed it to be periodical and sustained hand must from time to time interpose to restore order. Laplace demonstrated to the entire satisfaction that the system was so constituted as to endure eternally. Newwas laugher philosophical problem offered to the curiosity of mankind. Laplace was a most scientific astrologist, astronomer, and scientific illumination, solved it in the affirmative. He solved the great and celebrated problem of the planetary. The extent and methods of his discoveries, analytical science, are compendiously and lucidly established in the last two great works on the subject of re-Laplace's genius. In the seclusion of his study, Laplace's forsaw and minutely announced what the silent operations of nature would bring about in theory by the aid of one of the largest telescopes ever constructed. So with the phenomenon of the planet Saturn. The true objects of the telescope are the discovery of new worlds and the achievement of the same prodigious geometrician. He perfected the tables of the moon, and thus rendered indispensable the art of navigation, the maritime commerce and the preservation of life. He solved the problem of the longitudes more scientifically than they had ever been before. He threw a flood of new light upon the theory of comets, and calculated with unerring precision than the bittement nautical art required.

AMERICAN SCULPTORS ABROAD.

A private letter from Italy says that the American sculptors there are held in the highest estimation, and that their reputation is daily increasing. As an evidence of the light in which their skill is held, we say mention, that when Crawford, the sculptor, died, Congress chose $500 a bust, and are rewarded with business, the native artists ask only $150, and, even at that price, cannot obtain employment. The true and genuine nature of Italy to be corrupted by Mr. Power, though as yet only in sleep, is spoken of as one of the first productions of the age. A copy is about to be sent to the Boston Athenæum. With sculptors such as these, and painters like Page, Huntington, and others, we may well feel proud of American genius, as displayed in the fine arts.

A BEAUTIFUL INVENTION.

There has lately been brought into use, at Paris, a new and beautiful style of ornamenting marbles. It consists in cutting, etching, &c. upon the marble, various designs upon a properly prepared bituminous ground. When the cutaneous has gone sufficiently deep, the cuttings are then filled up with hot colored wax, prepared so as to take a polish equal to that of the marble when cleaned off. Drawing-rooms made on this principle, and fitted up in the Egyptian style, with the Egyptian and oriental figures and Egyptian designs, are said to have a very noble effect, and are applied to tables, panelling, stoves, &c. The invention is worthy of the attention of persons at home.

Notices of New Works.

The Bunker Papers.—Diary and Letters of Margaret D'Arblay.—*Edited by her Niece.*—*Parts I. and II.*—*Carey & Hart.*—*Philadelphia.*—Among the publications of Boswell's Life of Johnson, no work has appeared, so interesting in its way, as this Diary of Madame D'Arblay. The question now arises upon the popular female novelist in England during the last century,—and even now her works are read with an avidity and interest not satisfactorily explained. And on the result, by requesting the manners of the age which saw a Burke among statesmen, a Sheridan among wits, a Pitt among orators, and a Dundas or Devonshire among beauties. "Evelina," especially, is a charming novel; and when we consider the age at which Miss Burney wrote it, and the circumstances under which it was composed, we are astonished at the truth and nervousness with which the characters are drawn. The heroine is, indeed, only a moderate copy to the fair author, but there are sufficient other well-drawn personages in the book, not only to defend Miss Burney from the ill-natured criticisms of the day, but to make her one of the most delightful writers of fiction that the world has ever produced. The work is full of spirit. In reading the book we feel as if we had personally known the author of "Evelina"—had sat small talk with the sentimental Lord and Lady Orville, and with those numerous characters that will, we doubt not, live as long as the language is spoken in which they were written down at the time. It comes to us with a truthfulness that is delightful. The style of the work is new, fresh, easy, unaffected, and

Gems from the Poets.

KATE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I know her by her angry air,
Her bright black eyes, her bright black hair,
Her regal bearing, solid and staid,
And her fashionable tread.
Proud the bottom of a hill,
Fit Kate for such an interval.
Proud as the mighty mountain of a hare,
Her heart is like a stranger to me,
Like a rose in a lofty garden high and chary.
An object of the solemn kind,
Now never mind me she has a thing here!
For Kate no manner love will find;
My manner cannot follow her,
As pure and true as blades of steel.
Kate, mark, the world is void of angels,
Kate saith, "the men are gilded fans."
Kate sees no heart in any vows,
Kate will set time to lovers' sighs.
Kate cries that men are false as hell,
Kate holds the world mere emptiness.
And wearing on my security breaks
The gathering storm with wrinkled surprise,
For in a moment I would prove
The bluebird and the film of sleeping lake,
And sweep earlier to left and right,
In observance of my lady's eyes.
Oh! Kate loves well the bold and fierce;
But can love bold enough for me?
She cannot find a fitting mate.

From the Magazines.

FROM THE LADIES COMPANION FOR JULY.

A BACHELOR'S LIMNINGS.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"We will draw the curtain and shew you the picture."—Shakspeare.

I.

It was the evening of a merry Christmas day, which had been celebrated, according to a time-honored custom, by a large family party at the old Morton homestead. Everything had gone off delightfully—the dinner, preparation, and long dance past the Patriot's spot of lit, yet his eye was still bright, his ear quick, and his heart as constant, though somewhat tenderized person, as especially fond children and grandchildren, and the old mansion had for once the boon of many a brilliant circle. He had suffered all those who should be set out in his brothers, sisters, and had gone home to die, as he received a lonely room in the large old-fashioned house like a queer who had lingered in the banqueting-hall, when the feast was over and the guests had departed. Jasper Morton was far from being a solitary and unhappy man. He was surrounded by affectionate relatives, and had the sympathy of congenial affection, and though he daily and fed himself regularly at the table of one of his youth, the other all members, the true friendship of his nephews and nieces to his paternal affection. But his existence matters, his perfectly suitable temper, his many virtues, and supposedly late hours of the family, long the love of childhood, seemed to him the enjoyment of many more substantial friendships. In his youth he had been constantly hatchered, and his memories were crowded with the faces of those who had been often separated from their surprise that one, whose young affections seemed ever standing on the very threshold of life, had ready withered up the heart that should have warmed a bachelor.

No one dreamed to question the young people had gathered round Uncle Jasper's easy chair and secured him of most decided preference. Nevertheless, they laughingly insisted that he had been particularly kind to them, and that they were consequently interested in the sports of the little children, while they, on their side of the house, could enjoy more of the women—were left to amuse themselves. In vain the old gentleman protested by pleading that if he had taken less pains to amuse them it was because he knew they were always happy in the enjoyment of their time of life, and that he was now only a fit associate for those who were followed in his own footsteps—not to bed, or for the very young, who had not raised their thoughts to the heavens where they seem to climb. They loved Uncle Jasper too well to listen to such excuses, and declared that nothing could be pleasant to see him from the imputation of inactivity but a positive to devote his whole heart to their sole attention. After a merry war of words with the gay troops, the old gentleman still went to make his escape by look out ting them to the mercenary of his study, and relating a reminiscence of olden times. Accordingly the graver portion of the company were soon established in the library, with easy chairs, and lighting benches, and children were sent into the dining-room to see that all were happy—lights were ordered into the library, and with many a tingling laugh and pleasant jest, the young folks led Uncle Jasper between them to the apartment. Drawing his large and comfortable chair before the fire, the gay group clustered around him in all the varied attitudes of youthful enjoyment, and waited with certain anxiousness which were designed to place certain young persons in close vicinity to each other, except the old man's good humored raillery at the same time that the circumstance in no hurt to the remembrance which he proposed to relate.

"You have been wondered at my coldness, children," said Uncle Jasper, "how would you like to listen to some of my love adventures?"

An exclamation of approbation and pleasure echoed through the spacious room.

"I think I may as well tell you my experience in the tender passion," said the old man with a smile, "I have so much a good lesson to my young listeners of both sexes. Yes, my fair misses, may learn from it, how masterly dexterity influence a lover's feelings and how much reason you weave may be broken if every link be not carefully and closely united; while you, my young men, may perhaps learn to be less exacting in your desires, and more tolerant in the weaknesses of female character." With these words he unlocked a secret drawer in his desk, and drew forth a small packet.

"Here," said he, "is contained the lover's journal. Nor be not so suspicious," he continued, as several hands were extended toward the little case, "the record is written in a tongue which negative the aid of an interpreter, what could you learn from this page?" and the old man held up to view a beautifully colored miniature painted on ivory, fair, delicate looking girl.

"Let me—oh! let me see," exclaimed several eager voices.

The picture was accordingly handed round the circle, every one examined it, every one criticised it, but still they one universal had the likeness of a beautiful girl.

"You can read nothing there," said Uncle Jasper, as the group returned his hands, "and yet a me it is fraught with many a tender recollection, for it is connected with the first love of my youthful days.

"I entered society with most fashionable and chivalrous regard for the gentler sex. My money, my youngest and best-looking brother, was a very package of delicacy, of finement and gentleness, as that my respect for females had never been shadowed by those feelings of slight manner life which are apt to make a man very sceptical as to the actual existence of true goodness. You look surprised, girls, but I can assure you that the common intercourse between brothers and sisters, amongst us at is, often tends to destroy a man's real respect for the whole sex. Let me give you a piece of advice: never admit brothers to your dressing-rooms—never appear before them in slovenly attire—never indulge in the slightest carelessness of looks and words which domestic familiarity may provide,—a word,—pay to failure and brothers,—ay, and husbands too, when you get them.

"The impression which I received from my sister's and the many opportunities which only a woman's observation could afford, had made me a most fastidious gentleman, and I was considered a very desirable match by all the mothers of daughters, and by the daughters themselves. I had been introduced into society, and had received the most flattering attentions, but I had not yet seen the woman who could inspire me with such a feeling as would induce me to offer her my hand. I was not a man to be easily caught, and I did not like her the less for being so difficult to please. I thought her the more worthy of my love, and I was determined to receive her thoughts. I had been invited to a party at the house of a young person, mingling with the gay twilight. All directly within this house I went, which was also the only spot of brightness amid a labyrinth of deeply shaded streets, and I was consequently one of the earliest of the guests. I was ushered up the entrance to the secluded retreat, and found myself alone in a small room chilled my blood. It was a perfect gem of *bon ton*—everything more the cracking of a engraver's whip, there was nothing of the gaudy ornamental about it, but all was tasteful, and I drew my cozy nearer. I looked my self in the mirror, and was satisfied with the result of my toilet, black-booted, genteel fellow who stood at the door, but I was in no mood to be pleased with myself, and I was not disappointed. I was engaged to be married.

"Long time since?" I breathlessly asked.

"The affair has been arranged these two years, and Mr. Bradley has come over to America to claim his bride.

My beautiful fiancée of love's happy world—indeed, I had been two years in existence, and I was only in the dawn of my own fifty and woman's vanity; and yet I think I could have forgiven all if it had not been for that picture. I had seen it in my sister's album so much in remembrance as it did in its vile execution. And to think that I was to be cheated of her refinement, was the plighted wife of a man whose acquaintance I was only about to commence, was jealous and vulgar! It was a sad shock to my sensibilities, but I resolved to carry out my intention, and to see the original before I would allow myself to be influenced by the copy. I was determined to be free in my choice, and as she embraced my mother and sister I felt half inclined to wish that I had never seen her face, and that I could turn back upon them. I resisted these into the cottage, and I was soon seated by the fire, and in a few months afterward a piece of bride's cake together with my wedding-cards were sent to my address. I was in the city at the time, and in less than five years later, a letter, sealed with black wax, informed me that my wife was dead, and requesting me to return to Mr. Bradley's hand, here the remainder of her property.

"We learned somewhat of her fate from other sources. She had died suddenly, and left a little daughter, a child who did not know how to treat his mistress with respect, and who had been accustomed to have her own way in all his defenceless wife. He incessant caprices and brutal his passions, until disappointment, ill-treatment and neglect had done their work, and she sank into the grave.

"Now beautiful! what a Hebe-like countenance!" exclaimed Uncle Jasper's youthful auditors, as the old man unfolded the miniature.

"Uncle Jasper continued: "The lady whom I shall call Miss Lee was the daughter of a rich old merchant, and was considered a very desirable match for a young man of limited means. She was a graceful, lively girl, with a fine taste for music, a cultivated mind, and a light heart, and a total absence of her feelings to be easily excited. I met her frequently in society, and I charmed me. Upon closer acquaintance I found new reasons for admiration. She was affectionate to her parents, kind to her brothers and sisters, and had a sweet temper. Full of mirth, and perfectly agreeable, in all companies, she was yet capable of grave sound her, while her thoughtlessness, and occasional indiscretions only gave the perfect evidence of her character. Yet she was not one for whom a man could feel a passion that would overwhelm him, and something in gravity unfavorable to the growth of deep-rooted affection, and while my fancy was attracted and my feelings momentarily excited by her beauty, vivacity, liveliness and beauty, I could scarcely bring myself to the point of making her an offer. I was in this state of mind when I became a very devoted admirer. Her manners were those of a woman who was sure of her power, and who had no motive for the employment of female arts. With these words he unlocked a secret drawer in his desk, and drew forth a small packet.

"Here," said he, "is contained the lover's journal. Nor be not so suspicious," he continued, as several hands were extended toward the little case, "the record is written in a tongue which negative the aid of an interpreter, what could you learn from this page?" and the old man held up to view a beautifully colored miniature painted on ivory, fair, delicate looking girl.

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